

Humorous Department.

SCHOOL EXAMINATION.
"Class in general information, stand up!"
The class consisting of four youths in various conditions of forwardness, and in preparation for the ordeal.
"Now, then, Jim Smithers—What is a politician?"
"A fellow which serves an apprenticeship to lying, selling his friends, drinking and neglecting his family, until his gut is out of the joint, when he gets to be a journeyman office-hunter or a boss office-holder."
"Good! Now then, next—What is a popular preacher?"
"A fellow which never has a call from the Lord for less than five thousand a year and expenses, including donation parties; also a fellow which amuses himself by lecturing around the country at fifty dollars a pop. He preaches liberally of nothing to the poor, serves the devil in such a way as he thinks will least offend the Lord, wears first-class broadcloth and preaches against pride; rides to church in a carriage, and condemns the people for riding in the cars; and when he gets tired of business, he goes into an interesting decline, gets a pension from his grateful congregation, and becomes a religious sportsman. Or else his feelings get so carried away by the spirit of the occasion, that he gets suspended officially—when if he gets his deserts he'd be suspended physically, with a rope."
"There, that's sufficient. Next—What's the prevailing religion of this country?"
"The religion of the people, and keep all you get."
"Wrong. Next."
"Given what don't belong to you, keep what you don't need, and cuttin' a sanctified swell generally."
"Right. Next—What is a fool?"
"Well, he's a fellow who thinks every man he meets is honest, a fellow who imagines he can make money by being generous to misers, and a fellow who imagines he can make money by being honest towards rogues."
"Well, and what becomes of them?"
"Of who?"
"Why, the fools."
"Right. Well, then, that don't go into startin' newspapers and managin' opera houses for a living, generally content to pick up a precarious and onerous livin' as schoolmasters."
"Class dismissed: half holiday!"

ALL HE WANTED.—"What do you want?" she asked of the tramp who had made his way around to the kitchen door.
"Nothin' much, ma'am," he replied with a politeness that awakened her suspicion.
"Money, I suppose. We don't give tramps money."
"No'm. I don't want no money."
"Well, we have no victuals except for dinner, and they ain't done yet."
"I'll not even ask for none of yer dinner, ma'am. All I want is some dry bread; jes' dry bread."
She was touched.
"Poor man!" she exclaimed. Here, I'll give you a nice piece of pie, anyhow."
"No'm. I'd rather have the dry bread."
"Do you like it?"
"No, but yer see me an' the rest of the crew has hustled around 'till we've got a turkey an' celery, and some cranberry sauce, an' some plum pudding, an' all we want now is jes' the dry bread 'er make the stuffin' of."
—Washington Star.

A story is told of a Pennsylvania judge who once had a number of Irishmen before him in one of the interior courts, indicted for a riot on the canal. All their names were included in the indictment, and one of them, Pat Murphy, clearly proved an alibi. They were all brought into court to be sentenced, and Pat was directed to stand up with the others. Pat protested vehemently, and reminded the judge that it was his sworn duty to try a man as he was, and not to condemn him on a lie, and at a considerable distance from the scene of the riot. "Stand up, Pat," said the judge—"stand up; you're just as guilty as any of them. You can't deny it."—Philadelphia Times.

An Italian organ-grinder recently escaped a fine by his wit. He had been playing before the houses of an insatiable old gentleman, who furiously and amidst wild gesticulations ordered him to move on. The Italian stolidly stood his ground, and played on, and at last was arrested for refusing to move. At the court the magistrate asked him why he did not leave when he was requested. "Me no understand mooh Ingles," was the reply. "Well, but you must have understood by his motions that he wanted you to go," said the magistrate. "I told he come to dance," was the rejoinder. "Well, was the dogged rejoinder, "if she be a woman vessel, she didn't ought to carry so much sail!"

There was a very rich farmer who would never own that he had anything to be thankful for in the way of success. The parson once said to him during a fine harvest season, "Come, Mr. Jones, you can have nothing to complain about this year, at all events." "I can't say that," said the farmer. "I thought a bit, and then replied, very grudgingly, "Well, you see, there will be no spoiled hay for the young calves."

There is one thing I like about my husband; he never hurries you when getting ready for a walk," said one lady to another as they chatted over family affairs in the street car. "Precious little credit due to him for that, my dear," returned Mrs. Sylvester. "Whenever I see that I am not likely to be in time I simply hide his hat or gloves out of the way, and let him hunt for them up and down till I have finished dressing."

The story is told of a parent who had become a recent convert to hypnotism. His small son who had heard him discussing the subject, asked what hypnotism was. He did not answer, but with the imperative manner in the professional "Now, Jimmie, do you hear? That is not a clock, but a diecky-bird, chip, chip!" Jimmie turned and fled precipitately, crying, "Mamma! Mamma! Papa's got the jim-jams!"

A student has been bragging at a party of his various accomplishments, until one of the company, losing his patience, said: "Now we have heard quite enough of what you can do; just tell us what you can't do, and I'll undertake to do it myself." "I can't find that I cannot pay my bill, and an even veld to find that you can't do it," he replied. Amid the hilarity of the company the guest reclaimed his promise.

A long-winded member of parliament stopped in the midst of a tedious oration to take a glass of water. Sheridan, the playwright, immediately arose to a point of order. "Everybody wondered what the speaker could be doing with that glass of water," said Sheridan, "that it is out of order for a windmill to go by water."

Mrs. Upthorpe—Well, here is the letter from my son John. Postmaster—Well, what do I want with that? I delivered it to you yesterday. "I know you did; but don't you see, it says on the envelope, 'Return in five days to John Upthorpe, New York.' You must return his letters for I can't understand."

"Mamma, dear," said Janet, "at what time was the day I was born?" "At 2 o'clock in the morning," said her mother. "And what time was I born?" asked Janet. "Not until 8 o'clock," said her mother. "Ah," cried Janet, "my birthday's longer than yours!" "Well," said Janet, "what's the use of being born before it's time to go up?"

Wayside Gatherings.

Hope of success is essential to success itself.
The grip seems to have got a grip on us again.
It seems that the good points of some people have all been broken off.
The value of the coin of money the Greeks used copper nails as currency.
The pneumonia bloweth where it listeth, and the grip grips where it pleases.
The man who uses all the credit he can get will soon find himself without any.
Some persons who can hold their tongues, lose their tongues when they open theirs.
It was stated in the obituary of a Western man that he "was forty-three times in love."
Beware of despairing about yourself; you are commanded to put your trust in God and not yourself.
It is an easy step from "financing" a corporation—railroad, mining or manufacturing—to wreck the company.
A hog in a pen never tries to be anything else, but the one in a street car tries to pass himself off for a man.
A shoemaker has a card in his window reading: "Any respectable man, woman, or child can have a fit in this store."
My son, observe the postage stamp—its usefulness depends upon its ability to stick to one thing till it gets there.
"Have you an explanation?" "By carrying a larger heart in it," was the reply.
Plato, being told that some enemies had spoken ill of him, said: "I will endeavor to so live that no one will believe them."
According to the last report of the commissioner of internal revenue there are 215,434 retail liquor dealers in the United States.
Emerson says, and says well, "If you have a cold, or have had a fever, or a sunstroke, or a thunder-stroke, never speak of it."
It is said that the sudden expansive force exerted by water at the moment of freezing is as much as 30,000 pounds per square inch.
In reporting the death of a noted cow, the writer says: "The stoness that have been thrown at her would make five miles of turnpike."
Shakespeare, among his many allusions to the sweetness, the innocence, and the helplessness of the lamb, only once cites it as an article of food.
The trust charity is that which affords men an opportunity to help themselves, rather than that which gives money outright to satisfy all their needs.
Josh Billings says: "Give the devil his due; he reads your mind as a proverb; but what will become of you and me if this arrangement is carried out?"
The only piece of furniture in the office of the secretary of war that was there during Jeff Davis's incumbency is a clock, which still keeps good time.
A man may lose many things without being seriously damaged; but when he parts company with his self-respect he gives up the best friend he ever had.
If you have grit and perseverance, you can conquer all. Choose your undertaking according to your best common sense and stick to it. You are bound to win.
"By the way, how is Higgins?" I heard he was at death's door. "Quite true, for the last time," said his wife as she stepped past the doctor's door bell.
The Watkins tower now being built at Wemy's Park, England, to overtop the Eiffel tower, has reached a height of seventy feet. Its total height will be 1,150 feet.
A sportsman who lives at New Castle, Penn., owns a tame gray squirrel, which has been taken at deer rabbits out of their hole after the manner of ferrets.
"There is a sign in the front room of a Wichita, Kan., 'cigar store' that reads: 'No trouble to shag goods here; if you don't see what you want, walk the other way.'"
An eminent statistician estimates that during the course of an ordinary life the average man will eat seven four-horse wagon loads more food than is good for him.
There is every reason to believe that the milking of cows in large dairies and the cutting of corn and grass in large farms, and at last, was arrested for refusing to move. At the court the magistrate asked him why he did not leave when he was requested. "Me no understand mooh Ingles," was the reply. "Well, but you must have understood by his motions that he wanted you to go," said the magistrate. "I told he come to dance," was the rejoinder. "Well, was the dogged rejoinder, "if she be a woman vessel, she didn't ought to carry so much sail!"

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The Farm and Fireside.

CONDUCTED BY ROWLAND BLACK.
(Continued.)
FEEDING COWS.
This is a part of the farm work which requires a great amount of skill and attention, if it is to be properly done. To feed a cow from the time she comes into milk, until about thirty days before she is to be fresh again, requires plenty of good judgment on the part of the feeder. In feeding a ration to milk cows, there are many things to be considered. If the owner has corn fodder, corn and clover hay, he need not go to the expense of purchasing any "cattle foods." Besides, most farmers have cotton seed, which, if cooked, makes a splendid food for milk cows. Clover hay and corn meal makes a ration that, for the cost, cannot be equalled. There may be some farmers near large towns who can make it pay them to use purchased foods, because they can find a ready market for their milk and butter; but the majority of our farmers have no such markets and have to look to the manure heap for their profit. It is this class who cannot afford to buy "cattle foods" at high prices simply to feed it to cows to make manure. They must use such grain and fodder as is already on the farm.
If the farmer has ensilage, he need not feed anything to his milk cows but ensilage and cotton seed, or cotton seed meal. Ensilage is the best of all food for milk cows, and will be the basis of all cow rations where cost of food and profit are taken into consideration. You can feed your cows 365 days in every year from the silo and keep them in good flow of milk. In the near future, the silo will be used to supplement the pasture in summer, as well as to feed from during the winter.
Some writers compare the dairy cow to a machine, and in one sense she is a machine for converting food into milk and butter, yet if she was simply a machine, there would be no skill in feeding her. A farmer will often ask how much grain must I feed my cows. This depends upon the cow. It may be that a certain cow will consume ten pounds at a profit, while another gives its best profit on eight pounds of grain; so you must vary the amount to suit the requirements of the cow. It is a problem in dairying to know just how to combine foods to get the best results, and it is one which farmers should study closely.

SPRING PLOWING—DEAD GRASS, ETC.
The damp, falling weather we have had during the past week may be accepted as a sample of the two or three months to come. At the close of the old year we were ten or twelve inches "short" on rain. We had three months being especially dry. According to the law of compensation we may reasonably expect a period, of greater or less length, of rainy weather. It therefore behooves every farmer to start to plowing promptly and to keep "every acre" plowed, where the weather is suitable and the ground is not too wet. The latter caution is, perhaps, needless, since every intelligent farmer knows that to plow a wet soil is to seriously impair its productivity for at least the current year.
The advice is generally given not to turn off dead grass, cornstalks, etc., but to always plow under them. This advice is based on the well-known fact that the vegetable matter adds to the humus of the soil, improves its mechanical condition and increases its productivity. The principle is a correct one, but in practice it must submit to modifications according to circumstances. If we were in the habit of turning under the dead grass and cornstalks with a strong, rank growth of broom seed in it, we would turn the seed and briars under with a heavy two-horse turn plow, in the fall, as early as possible, say in October or November. This would give time for the seed and weeds to decompose to the extent that they would offer but little obstacle to cultivation the next spring and summer. The same treatment would be in order if there were a heavy growth of weeds and cornstalks, especially the crabgrass. But if such broom seed and old corn cobs have passed through the winter until after the first of March, it is better to burn them off the excessive vegetable matter, thus modifying the rule above mentioned, on the claim that through preparation of the ground, after plowing and cultivation can be perfectly done, is of more importance than the conserving of the dead vegetable matter. A rule we have for years followed in a general way is, if plowing has been done in the fall, to burn the dead grass and cornstalks, and the remains of the previous crop, especially if it be not heavy; but if the new year has come in and particularly if such dead growth be rank and abundant, if it is thick enough to burn, we burn it. If a farmer does not get it out of the way, any farmer who doubts the propriety of burning off a rank growth of crabgrass late in the spring, after plowing and cultivation, will find it well and permitting it to remain on the field or half and have a tussle with it every time he works it, on unit crops are "laid by." If it be as late as March, or even not later than the first of April, it is better to burn it off the field. Now, if a large two-horse plow and a good weed hook or chain be used in the hands of a faithful and skillful plowman, the plowing may be done without burning, and, if otherwise, better get it out of the way.
A rank growth of dead cornstalks is more in the way than they are worth to the land. In the first place, a silo will not produce so much more the addition of vegetable matter. But a good way to get rid of cornstalks without burning them is one of the following: 1. Let one or more men, with a good wheel or disk harrow, follow the plow as they go around, pull them out and lay them straight in the furrow last run. Then, in addition, require each plowman to take a fork and pull out the stalks. And the other plan is to take an ordinary sickle, such as is used by hand for trimming lawns, or a long thin-bladed, sharp knife, and by quick right and left and downward strokes cut the stalks into strips six or eight inches long, six pieces each, letting the pieces fall where they will. Most of these pieces will be buried by a two-horse plow, and, being short, they will not be much in the way of subsequent cultivation.—R. J. Teeling, in Atlanta Constitution.

TO SAVE LABOR.—On the practical method of using improvements in the corn and cotton fields. The Southern Planter says: "To save labor and increase the productivity of the crop it should be planted in checks—that is, equidistant both ways—as far as possible, so that the wheel or disk cultivator or disk harrow may be used in one trip, and both sides cleaned up in one trip, and when the crop is cleared these tools can be run both ways, and hence the hoe is almost entirely superseded. By the use of the gang plow, disk harrow and disk harrow, the cultivators almost all hand labor can be dispensed with beyond the drivers of the teams in growing corn and cotton, and thus great economy results.
"Where these new implements have been introduced they have astonished the users in the economy resulting, and especially in the ease with which the work can be done. This has been the case in the use of the disk harrow. One gentleman writes that the use of a disk harrow has enabled him to dispense with half his team and hands, and we know of crops that have been worked entirely with this harrow and all hoeing dispensed with. When the Southern farmer adopts the use of these new implements generally, then he will bring himself into a position to compete successfully with the Western farmer, who by their use raises his crop at a minimum expense in that most costly of items—labor."

Flat farms that have been red-hot, do not retain the heat so well afterward and will not be rough. Do not put them on the stove too long before they are needed, if there is a very hot fire.

A farmer who has tried it, says that hogs watered exclusively with well water use free water cholera, while those that use surface water frequently get the disease.

The Story Teller.

A PROSPECTOR'S PRIZE.
ROBINSON A ROBERT OF HIS TREASURE.
In Idaho in January, 1892, a story was told of the finding of five hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold dust in a robber's cave by a prospector named Robinson, who with others, after great hardships and incredible dangers, succeeded in landing the treasure in the town of Idaho.
This treasure had been buried by the robbers at the Bitter Root mountains thirty years ago, and Robinson arrived with over thirty thousand dollars' worth of it, and formed a party to return to the mountain.
The story of the party, named Anderson, told the following story of the expedition:
"When I was asked to join the party," said Anderson, "with an air of pardonable pride, we found that only men of tried and unquestioned integrity, and of unflinching courage, should compose the guard. The wages were large and the dangers very great. Each man on the force received twenty dollars a day and expenses. We had fourteen guards, armed to the teeth and well mounted; twenty-five pack mules and five trained packers, the whole cavalcade being under the charge of Robinson, the man who found the six hundred thousand dollar cache of the robbers. This guard was necessary, as we anticipated being waylaid by highwaymen.
As the snow was already too deep to go into the country by way of Montana and the St. Regis Valley (the nearest route to the cache), we were obliged to take a wide detour through the State of Washington. Then, passing through the Polahatche mountains, we forded the north fork of Clearwater, at its junction with the south fork, on the Nez Perce reservation, and entered upon the historic Lo Lo trail, which would take us to our destination.
Our camp every night had the appearance of a veritable fortification. Martial law was the rule of the camp. Seven guards were on duty while their associates slept. We were armed with revolvers, and as we entered the wild region back of the reservation, in what is known as the Weippe country, and began to meet on the lonely trails Indians and uncouth savage-looking blackfootmen, I for one began to wish that I had been a bear.
"Well, our trip into the mountains was uneventful enough, although the snow proved a terrible obstacle (it was then late in November). We found it impossible to get nearer than within twenty miles of the cache, so we made snowshoes and sleds, and leaving two men to guard the animals, we set off for our destination. So we were off. Our camp was far up the range, and had it not been for the abundant supply of grain we had brought with us, our animals would certainly have perished of starvation. The necessity for haste in carrying the cash and getting out of the mountains before the snow rendered traveling impossible added not a little to our excitement and agitation.
"Without a suspicion of impending calamity, except on the part of our leader, he believing that we were being followed, our party set forth. Before we had gone five miles a party of twenty masked men swooped down upon our camp, killed the two guards, and carried off the animals. We were left in wait for our return. Meanwhile, we proceeded up the mountain to the robbers' cache. We were supplied with long Norwegian snowshoes and drew a hand sled with several hundred pounds of provisions, and three thousand pounds of gold dust.
"In due time we reached the cache, and so thoroughly had Robinson marked the spot that he had no difficulty in finding it. With shovel and pickaxe, and with the snow, made an excavation, and the pile of mouldy old buckskin sacks filled with precious dust lay before us. Since my return from this terrible expedition I have had a tender feeling for the old winter of hard days. They were madmen and practically irresponsible.
"As we looked upon that colossal fortune in that lonely mountain glen, with the thick storm sweeping rapidly up and no one to guard the cache, the thought of the death of the robbers, the thought of the victims' forest trees to behold a possible deed of horror and injustice, each man glared horribly at his neighbor. "Three when one of my associates, a close friend of mine, too, made some uncertain motion, my blood froze. I actually thought for an instant that he proposed to butcher us all in order to seize the treasure. The thought of our exploits no more to be gloried in, but a whole lot of trouble and our fancies vividly. How easily, then, we appreciated the motives of the two soldiers who, in the old lawless days of 1862, slaughtered their associates under the very stars, in order to seize the same heap of gold. How leniently we judged them. The horror of that tragedy in some way seemed lessened; we were all under the same spell that led those men to stand their ground in a crime of blood. We were all under the same spell with horrible apprehension upon the actions of our companions, half expecting that murder and treason would be done. But soon our senses returned; we remembered the peril of our situation, and a whole lot of trouble and our fancies vividly. How easily, then, we appreciated the motives of the two soldiers who, in the old lawless days of 1862, slaughtered their associates under the very stars, in order to seize the same heap of gold. How leniently we judged them. The horror of that tragedy in some way seemed lessened; we were all under the same spell that led those men to stand their ground in a crime of blood. We were all under the same spell with horrible apprehension upon the actions of our companions, half expecting that murder and treason would be done. 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